THE CITY FARCE:

Designed for the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

To which is prefix'd,

An ADDRESS to the *PIT.*

---- *Effigies quò*
Tot Bellatorum? ---- Juv.

LONDON:

Printed for G. HAWKINS, at *Milton's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*:
And sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*.

MDCCXXXVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

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TO THE

GENTLEMEN

Of the PIT.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the following little Piece was written principally with a View to your Entertainment, there is the greater room to hope you will grant it your Patronage, though presented in a manner which may possibly appear as presumptuous as it is uncommon.

THERE have appeared, for many Years past, such frequent Disagreements between your Judgment and that of the Managers of our Theatres, in bringing on new Compositions, that I have often heard it wished a Remedy could be found to prevent the Con-

ſequences which ſometimes attend them: And I humbly conceive the moſt effectual Means to remove the Managers Complaints of Expence in exhibiting Things which are not approv'd, would be, to have whatever is deſigned for the Stage offered to your previous Inſpection; whereby it would be in your own Choice, whether you would have it repreſented, or paſs it by as unworthy your Notice.

MANY Objections will doubtleſs be made to this Propoſal, ſeveral of which will be of ſome Weight; ſuch as, its putting it in the Power of another to uſe an Author's Hints, *&c.* before he has reap'd the proper Reward of his Invention: But the Inconveniences attending it, would fall heavieſt on thoſe who deſerve the leaſt Regard; for, ſhould this Method take place, it would be out of the Power of any Dependent on a Manager, or other In-doors Scribbler, to draw a full Houſe by the Name of a new Play or Farce, when even himſelf knows it to be unworthy your Attention, and calculated for no other End than the Firſt Night's Profits: An Impoſition often enough practiſed of late, to vindicate its being taken notice of in this publick

Manner---

Manner---The candid Writer cannot any way ſuffer by this: If his Piece be not called for by the Pit, he may be pretty certain it would not have anſwered the Purpoſe of Repreſentation; and if it be demanded in the Theatre, after it has come from the Preſs, there is little Doubt of its then appearing with Advantage, without the Author's being ſubjected to the many Diſcouragements which attend an Application to a Manager, ſo generally complained of by ſuch Gentlemen as have wrote with Deſign only of obliging the Publick, and trying their own Genius.

THERE is need of much Apology, GENTLEMEN, for offering the following Scenes to you in this Manner; wherefore I muſt beg Leave to lay before you the Occaſion and Deſign of my writing them, and then rely wholly on your Candor for Approbation or Contempt.

WITH great Pleaſure I have for ſeveral Years been a Witneſs of your Sentiments with regard to thoſe Plays which are ſo frequently acted, and ſuch new ones as have appeared before you: And nothing has given me more Satisfaction than the Diſlike which

is

is apparent among *You* during the Performance of thoſe Pantomimical Interludes which have long ſubjected our Stage to the Ridicule of Foreigners, and Men of Diſcernment among Ourſelves.

AT the Introduction of BALLAD-FARCES, your Applauſe was pretty loud, and they continued to pleaſe for ſome time: But as their Riſe was more owing to the Novelty than the Propriety of them, they have lately, as muſt be the Fate of every thing not founded on Nature, loſt much of their Power to pleaſe: And your Attention has grown ſtill more languid, ſince by a conſtant Repetition of a very few of theſe, their Novelty is loſt, and you become every Day more ſenſible of the Abſurdity of an old Gentleman of Seventy's ſqueaking out his Paternal Inſtructions to a Tune, or of an Offender's begging Pardon in a Song.

THE firſt Intention of this Humour was certainly juſtifiable; and, could the unnatural Flights of the *Italian* Opera have been thereby laugh'd from among us, the good Effect would have made ample Amends for the Boldneſs of the Attempt; but, ſince that Hope

Hope wholly diſappears, theſe Mock-Operas, I apprehend, ought to be diſcontinued; leſt what was introduced with Deſign of appearing ridiculous, ſhould, by being continued without any View to the End propoſed, be found our *Taſte*, inſtead of our *Averſion*; and our own Operas become the Object of the Contempt they were deſigned to caſt on thoſe of the *Hay-market*.

WHILE I was a Spectator of one of theſe Ballad-Farces a few Weeks ago, a Gentleman who ſat next me ſaid, he could not help thinking that the Farce then acting was in its original Form preferable to that in which it now appeared.—As ſometimes a caſual Expreſſion makes an uncommon Impreſſion on the Mind, this put me upon conſidering, whether it would be blameable to make a new Eſſay towards reviving the Spirit of our old *Engliſh* Farce, which was deſigned to yield ſome Benefit as well as Diverſion, by expoſing thoſe Follies which affect chiefly the Middle Station of Life, and are therefore beneath the Province of Comedy, which is principally confined to the Genteel Part of Mankind. And as there appeared Follies of a

modern

modern Growth more than sufficient for such a Subject, the Task seemed the less difficult.

It was with this View these few Scenes were thrown together, perhaps too hastily: And, besides the Motives I have already mentioned, I the rather chose to make them publick in this Manner, because, as this is my first Attempt of a Dramatick Kind, should it fail of being acted, the Censures it may undergo will either mark my Slips so as to enable me to avoid them in any future Production; or convince me of my Incapacity for Compositions of this Nature.

THERE is also another Reason, (which bears no small Weight with an Author) for my chusing to offer this Farce to your Consideration in this Manner; and that is, the Unwillingness a Writer finds in himself to submit wholly to the Judgment of one Gentleman, however judicious. For, though a Manager has doubtless a Liberty to reject, as well as to receive, it rarely happens that an Author is satisfied with his Determination: Wherefore, as I do not think myself Master of Temper enough to bear the Fatigue

tigue which I have known ſome Gentlemen go through in order to bring their Works on the Stage, I thought by this Application to You, GENTLEMEN, I might know my Doom more ſpeedily, without that Trouble and Loſs of Time, which commonly attend waiting the Reſolution of a Manager. For, as my Bread has not any Dependence on my Pen, I ſhould blame myſelf very much to loſe more Time in ſoliciting the Performance of this Trifle, than in writing it: Eſpecially as there is great room to believe I ſhou'd be told that I have not enough conſulted the *preſent Taſte*; which, though it be a very natural Objection out of the Mouth of a Manager, would be ſuch a one as I am unable to remove; ſince the Light in which I have always conſidered the Stage, will not admit of making the *People's Taſte* the *Rule of Writing*, while it is known to all who conſider the Intention of a Theatre, That its peculiar Buſineſs is to *correct a wrong Taſte*, inſtead of *complying with it*.

IT may, and frequently does, happen, that what is *fitteſt* for the Stage, is moſt *repugnant* to what is called the *Reigning Taſte*, or

to thoſe Repreſentations which bring the moſt crowded Audiences; in which Caſe a Manager muſt be in a very diſagreeable Situation: If he prefers the *true End of the Stage* before his *Intereſt*, he will probably find himſelf a conſiderable Loſer; and, if he conſults his own Intereſt only, he will be ſure to fall under the Cenſures of all Men who have any Regard to the Morals of the preſent Age, or to the Example we ſet ſucceeding Times. ---In this Difficulty he ſeems to have no Reſource but to *Your* Judgment: And I conceive, every thing which is not either groſsly immoral, evidently abſurd, or perſonally levelled, has, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, a *Right* of being tried by *You*, and either ſuffer'd to live under *your* Smiles, or to periſh by *your* Diſpleaſure; ſuch a Sentence being final, and none but Madmen can murmur under it: --- Whereas when a Writer is deprived of this Trial, it is ten to one whether he does not feed his own partial Fancy with a Perſuaſion that nothing but a Repreſentation was wanting to give his Piece the Succeſs he wiſhed.

As

As I have already aſſured you, GENTLEMEN, that this is the firſt thing that I ever wrote for the Stage, you will, I preſume, more readily allow me to conceal myſelf at preſent; ſince I don't at all doubt but that if this Farce is found to have Merit enough to deſerve your Notice, it will have it for that Reaſon only; and, ſhould it be deficient in that Reſpect, I am perſuaded no Name whatever would be a Recommendation to your Favour; for in things of this Nature it matters not ſo much WHO *preſents*, as WHAT *is preſented*. By this Concealment I ſhall alſo be prevented from catching at the old Pretence of ſuffering by a Party prejudiced againſt me: For, I am ſorry to ſay, that though I have never yet ſeen Merit totally oppreſs'd by a Theatrick Party, I have known it much inſulted, to the Diſcouragement of Authors who by the general Voice of the Town have deſerved a milder Treatment: And on theſe Occaſions I have always been pleaſed to ſee, that, however carefully Partiſans have been ſpread amongſt you, Reaſon has ſtill gain'd the Aſcendant in the PIT, though to the Mortification of the

few loudeſt, who were placed there to impoſe their own byaſſed Clamours upon the Town for your Sentiments.

I WOULD not on this Occaſion take Advantage of the mean Inſinuation of this Farce's ſuffering in conſequence of the late Regulation of the Stage; a Feint already uſed for deſpicable Ends. I would as unwillingly be ſuppoſed to write what could any way offend, as to take that poor Opportunity of ingratiating myſelf with the Publick. ---- Should you, GENTLEMEN, think it worthy of the Stage, there is not the leaſt Ground to ſuppoſe it would meet with Reſtraint from ſuperior Authority.

I AM ſenſible that every thing of a Dramatick Kind appears on reading little better than a Body without Life; and Farce, more than any other, ſuffers by a cool Inſpection; its Buſineſs being of ſuch a Nature as to borrow more than half its Spirit from Voice and Action: And this Conſideration alone would have deter'd my offering it to the World otherwiſe than under your Protection; who, as you would be the beſt Judges

of

of it when repreſented, are alſo moſt capable of making the many Allowances it ſtands in need of when in Print.

I HAVE choſen my Characters without Regard to any former Compoſition; there being ſometimes as much Inconvenience in ſtriving to avoid thoſe already uſed, as in a ſervile Imitation of them; and, as the Satire was written with a general View only, I flatter myſelf it will never be thought the Effect of any Perſonal Intention, which is what I have always ſo much condemned in others, as would render it inexcuſable in myſelf.---- I am far from thinking this Piece, ſmall as it is, without Faults: Some I know it has, and am afraid you will diſcover many more; yet I cannot but hope you will in ſome meaſure excuſe the Weakneſs of the Execution, on account of the Deſign to pleaſe you; wherein I have endeavoured, the beſt I can, to revive a Species of Writing, which may, ſince ſomething is ſo generally expected after our Plays, excite your Laughter at Night, without giving you Occaſion to bluſh at the Reflection in the Morning.

ALL

ALL I mean by naming one of the Theatres in my Title, is to acknowledge my having that Stage more particularly in view when I wrote this Farce----You, GENTLEMEN, are moſt capable of judging which is provided with Perſons fitteſt to repreſent it, as well as of determining whether it deſerves to appear before you on either; both which I chearfully leave to your Candor, and hope the Occaſion of this Addreſs will, in ſome meaſure, atone for its Length, and the Freedom herein taken by,

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

RICHARD's Coffee-Houſe,
Fleetſtreet, Octob. 22. 1737.

PROLOGUE.

By I— S—, *of the* Inner-Temple, *Eſq*;

TO entertain your Ears our Author comes,
And brings the Muſick of the City Drums.
You'll ſay, no doubt, ſome Wedding has been plotted:
No: the unhappy Poet quite forgot it.
He tells how London's *martial Sons appear,*
When ſome walk firſt, and ſome bring up the Rear:
How in the Streets they look with frightful Hue,
Not with their Limbs, but Garments, black and blue:
Old Men and Striplings heavy Muſquets bear,
And peaceful Shoulders feel the Weight of War.
But here our Poet ſlept (and 'tis no Wonder,
Since Homer *ſometimes nods and makes a Blunder)*
He ſhould have told how others, clad in Buff,
Make an Appearance much more brave and rough:
How they *march forth to view the graſſy Plain,*
Where there is Room for Thouſands to be ſlain:
And if a friendly Enemy appears,
Then ('ſpite of Matrons Cries and Virgins Tears)
The Hand-Grenades and Dunghills fly about their Ears.
Thus far of Arms: But now before your Eyes
See gayer Scenes and ſofter Objects riſe;
In ſilken Pride ſo flaunts the Prentice-Beau,
As in a Gutter ſtruts a ſtately Crow.---
O Liberty! unknown to all beſide,
Where Maſters walk on foot, and Servants ride!
But HARLEQUIN, *great Fav'rite of the Age,*
This Night is rudely baniſh'd from the Stage.
Criticks! Attempts like theſe (you needs muſt know it)
Proclaim our Author ſome old-faſhion'd *Poet:*
To You, howe'er, he trembling leaves his Cauſe;
'Tis yours to hiſs, and yours to give Applauſe.

The PERSONS *repreſented are,*

Captain TRUCK.

Mr. SIMPLEX.

Mr. SMATCH.

Colonel COUNTERSCARP.

Mr. GEORGE.

'Squire PLOWLAND.

TOBY.

TOM, FAIRSTITCH, Signior DE LA CROPPANDA, *Soldiers*, &c.

ORINDA.

Miſs FLASH.

LIDDY FROGNEL.

Four Cuſtomers.

The SCENE in CORNHILL, *London.*

TIME equal with the ACTION.

THE CITY FARCE.

SCENE, *the Street.*

COUNTERSCARP, SIMPLEX.

Simplex. COLONEL *Counterſcarp!* Your humble Servant. I find you military Gentlemen as conſtantly attend on martial Operations, as if you were attracted by the Smell of the Gunpowder—I preſume, Colonel, you're come to give Captain *Truck* a few Inſtructions preparatory to his March?

Counterſcarp. Mr. *Simplex*, Good-morrow: You ſeem a little merrily diſpoſed this Morning; but, I aſſure you, Sir, I am never farther from laughing, than when I ſee the noble Art of War ap'd by a few Creatures unable to carry their Muſquets. If I'm drawn into the City to-day by the Scent of Gunpowder, it muſt be its natural Effluvia from their Pouches; for I deſpair of finding any venturous enough to make it ſmoak!

Simplex. You're miſtaken, Colonel; ſo far from that, in the Evening you'll hear Salvo's from every Corner of the Diviſion to which the Regiment belongs.

Counterſcarp. Pops, you mean; when the cowardly Rogues, fearing a charg'd Gun may blow a Houſe up, turn their Heads to one ſide [*imitates*] and let them off; with this additional Advantage, that let Thieves come when they will, they are not provided for their Reception, and expect therefore to be excuſed from making Reſiſtance.

Simplex. You judge too hard, Sir; thoſe Diſcharges are deſign'd to declare to the Neighbourhood the Reſolution of the Heroes they have deputed to repreſent them; who, after a whole Day ſpent in warlike Exploits, have yet Spirit enough left to give a Salute of Victory to the Gentlemen for whom they have been acting.

Counterſcarp. Rather I take it to agree with the Practice of the worſt of our Dunghill-Cocks, who, though they run frighten'd to death from the Sight of an Enemy, give a Crow of Triumph when out of Danger—I think the Deputing you mention a grand Abuſe of the Deſign of Militia, and attribute the Ridicule which our Train'd-Bands in general bring on the Nation, to nothing elſe: And, ſhould there ever come a Time when their Aſſiſtance is wanted, can you imagine theſe Skeletons would dare to face an Enemy?

Simplex. Perhaps not: But with a View to what is ſo remote as a Probability of their being wanted, would you have our ſubſtantial Tradeſmen leave their Shops and Families once every Year,

Year, deſcend to carry a Gun heavier than the thickeſt Bar to their Shop-Windows, trail thro' the Middle of a hundred dirty Streets, and riſque the Danger of firing a Muſquet, when a ſingle Half-crown will do the Buſineſs, perhaps as well?

Counterſcarp. Do it! no, not half do it!—Yes, Sir, I would have them do it themſelves, as well as all Citizens abroad, who, for any thing I ever ſaw, have as many Half-crowns as ours: And, though Danger be not at preſent in ſight, ſhould it ever come, what a Conſolation muſt it be for the defenceleſs Part of the Citizens, to ſee themſelves deſerted by their ſplit-lathe Regiments, and the well-fed Houſekeeper obliged to ſhoulder a Piece, without knowing which End to put next his Chin!—But pray, Mr. *Simplex*, ſince you have aſſigned a Reaſon for my appearing ſo early, I doubt not but you have as prevalent a Motive, though probably we fight under different Banners—*Cupid* frequently has ſome of his beſt Soldiers in the Army of *Mars*.

Simplex. I find, Colonel, you have receiv'd the common Opinion; for ever ſince Miſs *Flaſh* has lodg'd at Captain *Truck*'s, a young Fellow can ſcarely get it believ'd he comes into the Pariſh on any other account than to pay his Reſpects to that Lady.

Counterſcarp. That Belief would be no Injuſtice to you, I apprehend: And I cannot ſay I blame you, for ſhe's a Girl worth fighting for: In my young Days, I remember to have fought half a dozen Duels, and lain under a Window above twenty Nights, for a Lady not more beautiful, and, I believe, not near ſo vir-

tuous—I am ſurpriz'd you did not make the Campaign of the *Rhine*, and wonder as much how you can keep yourſelf ſerene here, when you hear what Honour may be atchiev'd in *Hungary*—'Tis Glory makes the Women love: As they find themſelves ſo far like Caſtles, as to be frequently attack'd, they think themſelves never ſo ſecure as when they have Heroes for Commanders—I'd venture my Life, that not one of theſe martial Scare-crows, but his favourite She will, in the Evening, receive him with more Pleaſure, for playing the fool a few Hours with a Soldier's Name, than if he had gain'd twenty Shillings by his own Employment.

Simplex. So, Colonel! a Galant to the laſt, I find!—But, I think, the Humour of our running Abroad to fight our Miſtreſſes into a good Opinion of us, has of late Years grown pretty much out of Faſhion, and I ſee but ſmall Probability of its being reviv'd, ſince a young Knight-Errant, who goes to diſtant Countries in queſt of Honour now-a-days, on his Return ſeldom finds the Lady of his Adventures had Patience to keep her Embraces for the Reward of his Bravery—No, Colonel, a dapper, pert little Beau, when preſent in the *Haymarket*, is found to have more Influence on a modern fine Lady, than the moſt heroick Colonel of Dragoons, who toaſts her in his Tent a thouſand Miles off. This Age has been remarkable for nothing more than the Nicety we have attained in Calculations of all Kinds; and the Ladies have very ingeniouſly taken the Hint, and found that out of fifteen Years, which are as many as they can hope to reign Beauties,

five

five or ſix are too many to riſque after a Man who is in a fair way of having his Brains beat out by a Bullet before his Return.—

Counterſcarp. I am apter to attribute the Decline of this Practice to the want of Valour in the Men, and that roving Inclination which ſeems to be the Taſte of all our young Fellows—— The Ladies, I can ſee at theſe Years, have as many Charms as their Mothers had: And, were they ſtrongly loved, I'll promiſe for 'em, would be as conſtant in their Returns of Affection——But what can a Woman depend on, when (however a Gentleman may toy with a hundred of them) a Month for Acquaintance, Courtſhip, and Marriage Articles, is thought ſufficient for any one he deſigns for his Wife!—What a moſt intolerable Raſcal of a Drummer is there!—[*Drum beats at a diſtance, ſadly*] Should the Fellow come this way, I'll wring his Ears off——What, d'ye call that an Alarm?

Simplex. Indeed, Colonel, I cannot ſay; but I ſuppoſe this Noiſe, tho' it be not made according to Art, will ſerve the ſame Purpoſe, and bring the Forces to the Parade, which is all I apprehend it deſigned for.

Counterſcarp. No, Sir, 'tis deſigned for more; the Muſick of the Drum is not only to give Notice, but to give Courage alſo. I've ſeen a brave Lad hanging his Head over his Firelock, in deep Concern, on hearing a Drum well beat, raiſe himſelf up, till at laſt Courage has been inſpired into every Vein, and flaſh'd from his Eyes like Lightning!

Simplex.

Simplex. If you pleaſe, Colonel, we'll walk to the Parade.

Counterſcarp. With all my heart: By viewing the Preparations of the Men, I ſhall be the better able to give Directions for Improvement. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Captain* TRUCK's *Houſe.*

Captain TRUCK, ORINDA, *meeting.*

Truck. DAUGHTER, Good-morrow! I hope, Child, all my Accoutrements are ready; for in leſs than an Hour I muſt be actually at the Head of my Company?

Orinda. I have done little elſe theſe three Days than help in reviewing your Regimentals; and the neceſſary Repairs have been very conſiderable: Rags in warlike Enſigns are reckon'd honourable, and I had a great Inclination to let them remain in their tatter'd Condition—Only I could not recollect any Engagement to account for it.——

Truck. Surely you might: Did not I aſſiſt Captain *Tamely* in his Retreat at *Spittle-fields?*—— Have you ſeen to my Swords? An Officer depends more on his Sword than any thing elſe, except his Legs: And being ſenſible we ſhall make a moſt gallant Appearance, I have ventured to invite the brave Colonel *Counterſcarp* to view us; he'll certainly make cloſe Scrutiny into the Equipment of a Commanding Officer.

Orinda.

Orinda. Your ſhort Sword, Sir, which I think you call a Dagger, is in fine Order; but that long one with the wrought Handle, I found myſelf not able to unſheathe; and giving it *Toby* to draw, he unfortunately ſnapp'd it in two: But by letting the ſmall End remain in the Sheath, it looks well enough, I think; unleſs you ſhould have occaſion to fight, which will ſcarcely happen.

Truck. But ſhould I be affronted, what Defence can I make? For you know, Child, we Gentlemen of the Sword cannot bear the leaſt Interruption on Muſter-Day: Not even a Horſe, as you lately ſaw, can obſtruct our Paſſage, without forfeiting his Life for the Offence——Whatever Inſults we may put up when behind the Counter, we pardon not one in the Field.—

Enter Mr. GEORGE, *dreſſed moſt exquiſitely for the Morning.*

Well, *George!* What haſt got? a Letter from ſome Correſpondent which demands immediate Diſpatch?

George. I can't abſolutely determine, Sir; but I thought it proper to be communicated, as you were not gone—A dirty-looking Fellow, in an old black Suit and full-bottom'd Wig almoſt wore out, inſiſted I ſhould inſtantly give you this [*preſents a ſeal'd Letter*] and he waits at the Door for an Anſwer: I thought him too dirty to let in.

Truck. [*looking on it*] Be ſure to aſk the Gentleman to walk into the Back-Room, and I'll come to him preſently—[*Exit Mr.* George] What think you I have got here, *Orinda?*

Orinda.

Orinda. I ſuppoſe, Sir, a Petition from ſome poor old Man to march in your Company.

Truck. No: 'Tis a Copy of Verſes, very curiouſly gilt round the Edges, the Subject of which is—my Valour and Feats of Arms!—Theſe Poets never fail finding out the Men of Merit—

Orinda. With Submiſſion, Sir, I think the Author an impertinent Fellow, and am afraid he is employ'd to banter you!

Truck. Banter me! no: Surely ſomething may be ſaid in praiſe of my Valour with Sincerity; or I have been a Soldier theſe thirty Years to very little purpoſe!

Orinda. I fear, Sir, not to purpoſe ſufficient for an heroick Poem—But if you will pleaſe to read it, we ſhall be better able to judge of the Deſign.

Truck. I care not to read my own Panegyrick; it will ſound better from another; there, read it, Child.

Orinda. [reads]

To the moſt valourous and magnanimous Captain TRUCK, on his March *Auguſt* 17, 1737.

WHen that, great Captain, we do ſee you walk,
We then behold great Alexander *ſtalk!*
Warlike thy Aſpect, martial is thy Mien,
Thy Countenance looks, as thy Sword is, keen:
The frighten'd Throng fly back as you approach,
While you march on, as ſound as any Roach,
Undaunted, till to Bunhill-Fields *you come,*
And then, as boldly, halt at Beat-of-Drum.
Your Soldiers too, their Leader's Name t'advance,
Look ſharp enough to carve and eat up France:

And

And each declares, by th'Valour of his Phiz,
That none but Truck, *brave* Truck, *his Captain is.*
" *By ſuch had* Britain *been encompaſs'd round,*
" Cæſar *had ne'er ſet Foot on* Engliſh *Ground.*

When Day is done, by Night approaching ſlow,
You to the Tavern, they to th' Alehouſe go;
And each enjoys the Bounty that was ſhar'd:
With ſome kind Smile, O bleſs your Worſhip's Bard;
Then will he ſing your Fame to lateſt Days,
And make each Alley echo with your Praiſe.
Ha! ha! ha!

Truck. Very fine, indeed! I'm glad they pleaſe you, Daughter; you love Poetry, I think, and all the Lines ſeem to rhyme prettily enough.

Orinda. Yes, Sir, I think they do jingle a little; but ſurely you won't offer to give the Author any thing—If you do, depend on't you'll have him every Year, and I on my Marriage, and in Praiſe of every Child I have, before he ſees it.

Truck. Half-a-crown I muſt at leaſt preſent him with; you would not have him worſe paid than the Gentlemen whoſe Honour he has ſet forth as my Soldiers — You mentioned your Marriage, Child; I hope you have no Thoughts of any Perſon but he I have ſo often recommended: *George*, you know, is bred to my Buſineſs, and, with his own Fortune, will be able to keep you as well as I did your Mother—

Orinda. I believe not, Sir; he ſeems to me to ſet out too faſt: I like either a Gentleman or a Tradeſman; a Mongrel is my Averſion.

Truck. Oh! Daughter, ever ſince I took this Miſs *Flaſh* to board with me, you ſeem to deſpiſe the Lad more than ever; you know I have already

declared againſt Mr. *Simplex*; I hate the Fag-end of Gentility; none of your Court-end of the Town Younger-Brothers for me!

Orinda. I cannot but think, Sir, would you give yourſelf time to conſider of him ſeriouſly, you would find him preferable, in every Reſpect, to the Perſon you recommend!

Truck. He is of no Buſineſs, I am determined againſt him; and if you—

Enters LIDDY FROGNEL, *in a deſperate Hurry.*

Liddy. Madam, if you don't come this Moment to my Aſſiſtance, my poor Miſtreſs will be quite paſt Relief—The thoughtleſs, impertinent Fool, Mrs. *Shapewell*, her Mantua-Maker, blabb'd out, juſt now, that Miſs *Jimp*'s Silk is of a much prettier Pattern, and coſt Ten Shillings a Yard more than her's; which, with the Fatigue of being up ever ſince ſix o'Clock to have her Cloaths fitted on, has thrown her into ſuch a Fit, as I verily believe will be the death of her—Come, dear Madam, come—

[Liddy *ſcampers out*, Orinda *walks after her*—Truck *goes another Way.*]

Mr. SMATCH *knocks without.* [*No body being in the way, Mr.* GEORGE *opens the Door, and lets him in moſt profoundly.*]

Smatch. Mr. *George*, your humble Servant: You look finely—What did that Night-cap coſt you? It ſeems to be a *French* Pattern.

George. [*very affectedly*] I was befriended by the Lady I bought it of, and had it for a Guinea and half.

Smatch. Cheap, indeed! Is Miſs *Flaſh* ſtirring yet, Sir?

George

George. Sir, ſhe has been up theſe two Hours; her Mantua-Maker came at ſix o'Clock.

Smatch. Intolerable! I came on purpoſe to give her my Fancy in the Fitting-on—Pray, Sir, let me be bold enough to requeſt you would pleaſe to call Mrs. *Liddy.*

George. Dear Sir, you're always welcome to command me. [*Rings the Bell, and cringes out backward all the way.*]

Enters LIDDY, *very hot, fanning herſelf with her Apron.*

Smatch. Liddy, good-morrow: What's the matter, Child; have you been forced to hold the Pincuſhion?

Liddy. Ah! Mr. *Smatch*, had you come five Minutes ſooner, you'd have been frighten'd out of your Wits—My Miſtreſs has been dead this Half-hour, and is but juſt come to-Life again.

Smatch. That Strait-lacing is the Ruin of all our *Engliſh* Beauties. How often have I told her ſhe'd look as well again with a Strap more on each Side of her Stays—Come, lead me up—

Liddy. Indeed, Sir, you muſt not go up; I have Orders againſt it: Miſs *Orinda* is with my Lady; and you know theſe City Ladies—

Smatch. Ah, true enough—they know not how to make Allowances: But you may tell her I'm here—

Liddy. Yes, Sir;—'tis a long while ſince—you were denied Admiſſion into a Lady's Dreſſing-Room—

Smatch. You ſly Slut—there—[*gives her Money*] [*Exit* Liddy.] This Baggage is ſo frequently demanding Toll, that one would believe her Father kept a Turnpike—Suppoſing I obtain

the Miſtreſs, I may well enough afford to bribe the Maid—But the Miſchief of this Cuſtom lies in being obliged to depoſit before we have any Security of a Reimburſement — *Orinda* with her!—I'd much rather find her alone; not that the Girl is quite a Fool, but ſhe is ſo apt to indulge herſelf in an ill-natured Vein of Criticiſm againſt every thing that is a little above her Apprehenſion, that ſhe ſometimes murders a moſt refined Thought by the carping Gravity of her Attention— [*He ſtruts about, mightily pleaſed with his own Appearance, till he hears Miſs* Flaſh *approach; on which he adjuſts himſelf, and ſtands in a romantick Poſture.*

Enters Miſs FLASH, *in a rich Undreſs.*

Miſs Flaſh. I don't wonder, Mr. *Smatch*, you've ſtaid ſo much beyond your time—you've taken too much Care in dreſſing yourſelf, to think of aſſiſting any body elſe—

Smatch. I'm ſure, Madam, I have tranſgreſs'd on the moſt excuſable Occaſion could happen—You have ſo often ſtruck me with a Figure exactly agreeable to the Deſcription of the *Goddeſs of Love*, that I have ſpent greateſt part of the Night in ſearching the antient Poets, to be well ſatisfied how her Sleeve was cut when *Paris* determined in her Favour.

Miſs Flaſh. That Speech was a little too much ſtrain'd, methinks—But did you really loſe your Reſt on that account?

Smatch. Yes, Madam, I aſſure you I did, and my Man alſo; I made the Rogue ſtay up in order to reach and replace the Volumes as I read them — I'm afraid, Madam, you're not well; [*ſhe ſeeming faint*] I hope you didn't offer

to

to ſtand all the while—you ſhould always make them kneel and fit the Sleeve while you ſit—I've juſt now receiv'd a Bottle of Count *de Vagabonda*'s vivifying Eſſence; it coſt but a Guinea, though he brought it himſelf in a Chair and trim'd Suit—It muſt revive you, be the matter what will. [*Preſents the Bottle*]

Miſs Flaſh. It is exquiſite, indeed!—But, pray Mr. *Smatch*, oblige me with a Song; I'm ſure you cou'dn't turn over ſo many Leaves to no purpoſe; ſome Sweet you muſt have extracted from ſo many Flowers—A new Sonnet, I dare ſay—

Smatch. I can't ſay, Madam, but I threw a few Lines together after my Search, and try'd to fit them to a new Air, but have not had time enough to compleat it—However, as I dare not diſobey you—Hem—

Miſs Flaſh. Orinda, pray ſtep in, Mr. *Smatch* is going to ſing me a Song which he made himſelf this very Morning—I cou'd not let you loſe the Pleaſure of hearing it—

Enters ORINDA.

Orinda. Madam, you could not have obliged me more—I hope, Sir, I don't interrupt you—

[Smatch *ſeems confounded at her Entrance*]

Smatch. I much fear you will: [*aſide*] No, Madam, your Preſence will help to inſpire me—

[*ſings affectedly.*

THE Poets of old
Such Wonders have told,
Of Juno, *and* Venus, *and all their fair Trains,*
As make ſome ſtare
The Tale to hear,
And fancy that Whimſies poſſeſſed their Brains:

When,

When, for Demonſtration,
Survey but the Nation,
You'll find Nymphs as fair, and as haughty as they;
Swains full as much vex'd,
Undone and perplex'd,
And, when they are buckled, as glad to obey.
And, when they are buckled, as glad to obey.

Orinda. A pretty Love-Song, truly!—I fancy, Sir, by *Buckling* and *Obeying* concluding it, you heard ſome Diſpute concerning Prerogative in your way home laſt Night—

Miſs Flaſh. No, Child; in that Line he comprehends the Doctrine of the Song, and promiſes Obedience on the ſame Forfeiture with *Jupiter*—Ha! ha!

Smatch. To deny Obedience to a Deity would be unpardonable—

Orinda. Till the Deity deigns to take you into her Protection—and then, like ſome Bigots, you turn Idolater, and worſhip another—Upon my word, Mr. *Smatch*, I think you're much to blame for indulging that romantick Method of making Love; you are certain it cannot poſſibly produce any good Effects, and bad ones increaſe too faſt without it—

Smatch. And upon *my* word, Madam, I aſſure you that Gravity does not any way add to your Beauty nor Complexion—Were you ſenſible how many Graces that Frown diſperſed, you'd never more aſſume it—Do you think, Madam, a Man is to make Love upon Oath?

Orinda. No, not upon Oath, by any means—that, I fear, wou'd abridge your Sex of ſome of its fineſt Rhetorick—But though you ſhould not keep ſtrictly to Truth, you might at leaſt

ſpeak

ſpeak in Character; you are under no Neceſſity of ſending the Woman you addreſs into the Clouds, nor of ſinking yourſelves fifty Feet under Ground—

Smatch. To avoid a Labyrinth of Diſpute, Madam; wou'd you have a Lover accoſt you with as ſteady a Countenance as a Huſband, and tell you, If you judge it expedient to your mutual Benefits that you ſhou'd marry together, he is ſo well convinced of your Merit, that truly he finds in himſelf no Diſinclination to the Match—

Orinda. Why, I don't think even that would be quite ſo ridiculous as to hear a Man tell a Woman for ſome time that ſhe is a Deity, an Angel, or ſomething more celeſtial; and in leſs than a Month after ſhe becomes ſo weak as to believe him in earneſt, convince her, that when he became poſſeſs'd of the Satellites, he had no farther Regard to the Planet—

Miſs Flaſh. So! now you've begun ſo ſeriouſly, we ſhall ſoon arrive at Morality, and there you will never agree—I wonder, my Dear, you can expreſs a Diſlike to one of the greateſt Pleaſures Life affords—Are not high-ſtrain'd Compliments the particular Mark of Politeneſs, in which our Age excels—Were the fine Fellows to ſay nothing to us but what would bear Reflection, modern Converſation would be a great Sufferer. When, even by all your Reading, have you met with a Time when a Woman could be perſuaded out of Herſelf and Fortune with ſuch Eaſe and Addreſs?

Orinda. Or when, after they were obtain'd, were they ſo generally abandon'd—Separate Houſes and Apartments are not borrow'd from the Antients, I aſſure you.

Smatch.

Smatch. Ha!—Ha!—Ha!—A perfect City Lady, indeed!—Separate Apartments, Madam!—Why, you don't imagine they would have grown ſo univerſal of late Years, had they not been attended with as many agreeable Circumſtances to the Ladies, as to us—

Miſs Flaſh. Pray, Mr. *Smatch*, what was it you drop'd, which *Orinda* took up? Some Aſſignation, no doubt—

Smatch. Drop'd, Madam!—[*ſearches his Pockets*] I believe it was part of the moſt celeſtial Compoſition the Age has ſeen—I would not have the Hint taken by another for an Equipage—But, as you, Madam, are a Judge of fine Writing, I don't care much if you read it—You may give me your Advice.

Orinda. I fear, Sir, it is too ſublime for my Comprehenſion—[*reads*] *A new Pantomimical Groteſque, entitled,* Jupiter and the old Woman of Iſlington, *or* Harlequin *at* Parnaſſus.—— *Scene* 1. *diſcovers the* Muſes *aſleep*, Vulcan *making a* Comedy *on his Anvil—The Scene ſinks in an Inſtant, and diſcovers a Muſhroom, out of which* Juno *and* Harlequin *riſe, and dance a Jig—A middle-ſized Laugh here—Enters* Jupiter; *he ſees* Harlequin, *runs to* Juno, *but* Harlequin *jumps over his Head, and hits him a Slap on the Back; on which* Jupiter *turning*, Harlequin *blinds him with Oatmeal, and hides himſelf under* Juno's *Petticoats—A loud Laugh here of near a Minute—Enters* Tragedy, *in Rags*—Harlequin *jumps on his Shoulders, and rides off triumphant*—This is celeſtial indeed, Sir!—

Smatch. You ſee, Madam, my principal Deſign is to raviſh every Spectator at once, by avoiding the Inconvenience which attends keeping the

the Heroick and Pantomimical Parts of our Entertainments ſeparate; to remedy which, I have preſented them in one View; for I think we have lately been too much obliged to Harlequin, to let him for ever be forc'd to give place to the Heathen Deities—They have ſo long trod on each other's Heels, that it can offend no body to find them got together at laſt.

Orinda. Who can that be at this time o'Day! I hear a Chair at the Door I think!

[*Loud Knocking without.*]

Miſs Flaſh. To me, I dare ſay!

Enters LIDDY.

Liddy. Madam, here is Signior *de*—I know not what, the Hair-cutter, come to wait on your Ladyſhip, but won't come up till his Footman arrives with his Sciſſars, who ſtop'd by the way to buy his Maſter a Pair of clean Gloves, he having been with two Ladies already in thoſe he has on—

Miſs Flaſh. Oh! Signior *de la Croppanda!* he's a fine Gentleman, Miſs—Your Hair ſeems long; you had as good employ him.

Orinda. No; while my own Sex affords Women unfortunate enough to be willing, I cannot allow myſelf to call in Men's Aſſiſtance—Beſides, methinks it is derogatory from their Character to deſcend to ſuch mean Employments—

Miſs Flaſh. Not at all—ſurely to handle ſuch as I, in ſo free a manner, is not a degrading Circumſtance. [*haughtily*]

Orinda. What a Change ſince the Time of our Great-Grandmothers, who us'd to be almoſt ſcar'd to death if a Man peep'd in at the Window while their Caps were off! I cannot but

wonder how you can like to be handled by Men on ſuch Occaſions!

Miſs Flaſh. And I am as much ſurprized at your chuſing to be handled by Women on any—These Cloaths, which I had now made by a Woman to pleaſe an old Maiden Aunt, ſhall be the laſt Female Hands ſhall equip me with—I'll return to *Taviſtock-Street*—there's ſuch a Pleaſure in being turned about with a Grace [*turns on her Heel*] by a Gentleman who diverts one with broken *Engliſh* all the while we are under his Hands—But here comes Signior—

Enters Signior DE LA CROPPANDA, *nicely dreſſed, as an* Italian.

Signior, Your humble Servant.

Signior de la Croppanda. Ah! good Madame, de Fatigs I have ſuffer to wait on you dis Morning! dare vas de Ducheſs de *Know-little*, de Ducheſs de *Fingle-fangle*, de Counteſs de *More-maggot*, de Ladée de *Male-branch*, de Ladée de *Teaſe-lock*, and de Ladée de—de—and many more, ſend Rap vor me juſtée now, but me did mak dem all ſtay to wait on you, Madame: de ſight off ſo vine a Ladée being enough to mak one diſobey de grand Monarch, vom me do ſerve.

Miſs Flaſh. There Madam, (*to Orinda*) when had you ſuch a Speech from your Tire-woman! Ha! ha! ha!

Smatch. Ay, when indeed? Ha! ha! ha!——If that don't deſerve a Guinea!——You improve much in your *Engliſh*, Signior.

Signior. How can dat not be, Sir? Ven me do ſee ſuch vine Ladées, dare Beautée do inſpir me vat to ſay.

Orinda.

Orinda. I ſhould be better pleaſed to find you inſpired with a little more Modeſty. [*aſide.*]

Miſs Flaſh. Come, Signior—

Signior. Madame, I follow inſtant.—Madame, [*to* Orinda] Sir, [*to* Smatch] your moſt humble Servant.— [*Exeunt Miſs* Flaſh *and Signior* de la Croppanda.]

Smatch. There, Madam, you ſee with what Spirit Miſs uſhers him to her Dreſſing-Room—— I am really of opinion, that the Introduction of Men into the Offices attendant on the Ladies, has had no inconſiderable Share in rubbing off the famous old Maiden-Bluſh, and enabling a Lady to look a young Fellow in the Face with as little Concern as ſhe peeps at her Monkey.——

Orinda. And pray, Sir, what Benefit do you think we reap from the Improvement?

Smatch. A great deal, Madam: You cannot but have obſerv'd how ſhort a time ſerves now to obtain a Lady's Conſent, to what was required formerly! A Man has at moſt but half the Fatigue now-a-days; the other half being done by her Education!—But, Madam, I muſt beg you will excuſe my leaving you alone—I muſt attend Signior's Operation.—

Orinda. Sir, I would by no means deprive Miſs of your Fancy in her Hair; it was unfortunate enough to loſe it in her Sleeve—[*Exit* Smatch] Well! what pity it is that tyrannical Cuſtom ſhould lay People under a kind of Conſtraint to render themſelves ridiculous, and deſtroy their Subſtance at the ſame time! Theſe two have each the ſame Deſign on the other, and will, if I miſtake not, be equally diſappointed! Yet even that ought to be ſome Motive of En-

dearment—But here comes one, in whom I imagine myſelf more nearly concern'd—

Enters SIMPLEX.

Simplex. What! ſeriouſly alone, when every thing round you ſeems in the warmeſt Agitation!—I'm afraid you're too melancholy.

Orinda. Sir, Good-morrow——I ſuppoſe you ask'd for Miſs *Flaſh*—I can't yet get my Father to endure your Name—ſo that he would, doubtleſs, deny you Entrance on my account.

Simplex. Why, Madam, in making her the Ticket of my Admiſſion to you, I only ſerve her as all gay Ladies do the reſt of the World—I make the moſt of her while ſhe ſerves my Purpoſe, and then forget her.—But, my Life, have you conſider'd the Opportunity I mention'd of making me happy?

Orinda. That Phraſe, Sir, has been ſo often perverted, that I wiſh you had not uſed it—

Simplex. I am ſure you are wiſer than to regard Words at all in this Caſe: I leave it for Magpies to chatter—All I can add to what I have already ſaid, is, that my Circumſtances are not worſe than I have told you; and my Affection for you greater than I can expreſs—

Orinda. But I have a great Diſpute in my own Breaſt, Whether all the Care that will precede our Nuptials, will be anſwered by a State in which more than Half ſeem to be miſerable.

Simplex. The Unhappineſs you allude to is generally owing to a want of due Conſideration before the married State is enter'd upon; and ariſes from nothing more frequently than one Miſtake, which prevails almoſt univerſally, an

Expectation

Expectation in each Party to be obliged, inſtead of each endeavouring to oblige.——But here comes the Colonel—

Enters Colonel COUNTERSCARP.

Counterſcarp. Madam, your Servant: 'Tis well our Nation has no Concern in the preſent Commotions Abroad—The young Fellows ſeem but little inclined for Volunteers. This Gentleman ſlipt through my Fingers in the middle of a tolerable good Point of War! But I can't much blame him—I was young once, Madam——Where's the Captain's Pike? It's clean, I hope—

Simplex. Clean enough for what Uſe it will be put to, I dare ſay.

Counterſcarp. Fy upon you, Sir; I wonder at your making ſo light of theſe Matters—Were not our Soldiers kept to Diſcipline in Time of Peace, where would you find Men fit for War?

Simplex. Here comes one who will certainly anſwer any Queſtion in the Military Way. *Toby* ſeems to have put on a ſtrange Fierceneſs with his Accoutrements!

Enters TOBY, *ſadly equipp'd as a Corporal, with a very high-brim'd Hat, and Turn-over tight enough to make him ſtare.*

Toby. Madam, [*with his Hat on*] My Captain prays you will advance towards the Breakfaſt-Table, for he muſt ſoon file off to the Parade, near which we are to patrole till we are join'd by the other Companies.

Counterſcarp. Bravely remember'd, indeed, *Toby*; but you ſhould not have emptied your whole Budget

Budget in a Meſſage which had ſo little Relation to martial Affairs.—

Orinda. I hope, Colonel, you did not inſtruct him to ſtare me in the Face with his Hat on!

Counterſcarp. No, Madam, he has only underſtood his Duty in too univerſal a Senſe—You need not come in this manner to call a Lady to Breakfaſt, which might have been done without either Gun or Oak-Stick: But theſe young Officers are ſo fond of the Enſigns of Preferment—

Orinda. Pray, Sir, how came *Toby* by his Advancement?

Counterſcarp. By Merit, Madam: I prevailed with the Captain to raiſe him to the Order of the Tag, (the firſt Step towards Major-General) in reward for firing his Piece without fainting away—The Rogue has ſome Courage—he look'd round him for Applauſe as ſoon as ever he had done it—Come, *Toby*, ſince you've come arm'd, you may run over your Exerciſe, to ſhew my Pains have not been loſt upon you—Now replace your Hat, this being a military Act.

Toby. The Servants Bell rings for Breakfaſt, and I ſha'n't get a Morſel on our March; I wiſh your Honour would excuſe me—

Simplex. Alas, Colonel, you muſt conſider, *Toby* has not learn'd more than half a Soldier's Qualifications; he has not yet had one Leſſon in the Art of Starving.

Toby. But I hope, Sir, there is no Occaſion to practiſe that in a plentiful Country; our March will be too long to go without a Meal—Pray, Colonel, excuſe me—

Counterſcarp. You ſue in vain; if you're hungry, gnaw your Cartridge-Paper—Mr. *Simplex* ſhall

ſee

ſee what a Proficient you are—Place yourſelf in order—

Toby. Yes, Sir, but pray ſpeak away.

Counterſcarp. Your Feet a little wider—there—hold up your Head, and look me boldly in the Face—Put your Right-Hand to your Firelock.

Toby. Com—ing. [*Bell rings without*]

Counterſcarp. Silence, upon pain of martial Correction—for ſhame, a Soldier, nay, an Officer, mind his Belly! Put your Right-Hand to your Firelock—

Toby. Com—ing. [*Bell rings without; he leans his Head towards the Door, while the Colonel canes him on the Shoulder till he runs off.*]

Counterſcarp. This Rogue is ſo much uſed to eating, 'tis impoſſible he ſhou'd ever become a Belt—I love a Fellow who will march forty Miles, briſkly, without breaking his Faſt—and at the End of his Journey feaſt himſelf on a Chew of Tobacco!

Orinda. The Influence of a military Life is ſurprizing!—Here you have ſeen this poor Fellow, who yeſterday had ſcarce Courage enough to ſpeak to me ſo as to be underſtood, come into the Room as if I had been his Comrade.

Enters LIDDY.

Liddy. Mr. *Simplex!* my Lady and Mr. *Smatch* are juſt going to Breakfaſt, and deſire your company.

Simplex. Madam, your moſt humble Servant; Colonel, yours.

Counterſcarp. Sir, your moſt obedient—

[*Exeunt* Liddy *and* Simplex]

Orinda. I believe, Colonel, it will be proper to breakfaſt alſo, before you viſit the Field—I

ſhou'd

ſhou'd be ſorry if we've put my Father out of Humour by your Scrutiny into his Equipment —he's very fretful on Muſter-Day.

Counterſcarp. Out of Humour, Madam! a Soldier is the better for being what you call out of Humour: For all the Sourneſs of his Face paſſes for fighting Fierceneſs.

[*Exeunt* Count. Orinda]

SCENE, a Haberdaſher's Shop.

The Scene opens and diſcovers Mr. GEORGE *behind the Counter; a large Glaſs, as uſual in ſuch Shops; he is finely dreſſed, adjuſting his Eye-brows; a ſmart Barber's Boy brings his Wig, extravagantly powder'd, delivers it with a very low Bow, and withdraws. While he is putting it very curiouſly on, two mean-looking Cuſtomers enter.*

1ſt *Cuſtomer.* I want half a Yard of Blue Quality.

Mr. George. Lard! what does the Fellow mean! I believe he has got no Powder in his Shop!

[*takes an Engine, and adds ſome on each Side.*]

2d *Cuſtomer.* A Pennyworth of Bobbin.

Mr. George. The Scollop-Shell at the Fore-top is not half comb'd out!

[*Firſt Cuſtomer takes the Opportunity of his Inattention to pocket a Paper of Pins.*]

1ſt *Cuſtomer.* I'm in a great Hurry, Mr. *George*, I wiſh you'd ſerve me.

Mr. George. Preſently—My Hand is ſo red that I muſt be blooded to-morrow to recover its Colour.

2d *Cuſtomer.* I wiſh, Sir, you'd be pleaſed to ſerve me.

Mr. George.

Mr. George. I will, in a Minute [*places his Ruffles even*] Half Yard of Bobbin you want?—[*he cuts it with much Grimace, and preſents it with an Air*] [*Exit* 2d *Cuſtomer.*

Blue Quality, you want? How much?

1ſt *Cuſtomer.* Half a Yard, I tell you.

Mr. George. Is that your beſt manner of ſpeaking? There—[1ſt *Cuſtomer pays, and walks off.*

Enters a third Cuſtomer, a ſmart Laſs.

Pretty Mrs. *Jenny!* a good Morning—Upon my Word you look charmingly: I fear you've grown polite enough to uſe *Spaniſh* Wool—— Nature cannot give ſuch a Bluſh, I'm ſure—let me try—— [*offers to kiſs her croſs the Counter, and in the Struggle he falls on the Counter, and diſobliges his Wig.*]

3d *Cuſtomer.* Pſhaw! Pray be civil, Mr. *George*: D'ye think one comes here to be pull'd about? —That's a mighty pretty Waiſtcoat!

Mr. George. Ay, but my Wig—looks ſo ſadly! ——Didn't you promiſe me your Company to *Vaux-Hall?* How could you ſerve me ſo?—I kept my Ticket and a Boat for you theſe two Evenings; and if you don't oblige me to-night, I'll certainly throw my Ticket into the *Thames.*

3d *Cuſtomer.* That's kindly ſaid indeed, Sir: But Mr. *Preſsharder* the Tobacconiſt's Apprentice, and Mr. *Stretchem* at the Glove-Shop, have forced me to promiſe them my Company to-night——Otherwiſe, Sir, I ſhou'd have been very proud—

Mr. George. I ſhou'd have had the Reaſon to be ſo, Madam.

3d *Cuſtomer.* Pray, Sir, ſerve me.

Mr. George. Upon my Honour your Beauty has ſtruck what you aſk'd for quite out of my Head.

3d *Cuſtomer.* I want—I want—I want—a Paper of Minikin Pins.

Enters a fourth Cuſtomer, a Coat-maker's 'Prentice.

4th *Cuſtomer.* Come, Mr. *George*, make Haſte—I muſt have a thick Piece of Whalebone, about four Ounces to half a Yard.

Mr. George. Miſs, you ſhall have it—Thus thick, I preſume—

4th *Cuſtomer.* Yes: Beſure to cut it even—

Mr. George. I fear, Miſs, I can't cut at all, our Shears are ſo clumſy—I fancy they were made in the Time of King *Arthur*, when Men were of a more enormous Size—

4th *Cuſtomer.* If their Size was an Enormity, it was ſuch a one as we ſhould be glad to ſee revived—

Mr. George. I cannot do it—I ſhall totally ſpoil my Hand—*Toby!*—*Toby!*—

4th *Cuſtomer.* Dear, tender Sir, give it me—

[*She ſeizes it, and the Moment ſhe ſnaps the Bone aſunder, the Scene ſhuts.*

Miſs FLASH, LIDDY FROGNEL.

Miſs Flaſh. [*her Hair in Papers*] How engaging is modern Politeneſs! With what Taſte has Signior done my Hair! In time I don't fear but it will be modeſt enough to keep Men Waiting-Maids—

Liddy. He has done it charmingly, indeed, Madam!—But I think your Eyes look more languid than ever I ſaw them! Love, Madam, begins to affect you more than it us'd to do—

Miſs Flaſh.

Miſs Flaſh. I believe it does, *Liddy*—I find an Alteration ſince my laſt Mortgage—I now begin to conſider what my Admirers ſay to me, in a ſerious Light—I am under a Neceſſity either of getting a Huſband to ſupport me in my preſent Station, or of ſinking into one much inferior—

Liddy. Marry, Madam, by all means: 'Tis nothing uncommon at preſent for a Lady of large reputed Fortune all the Time of her Virginity, to be found by her Huſband poſſeſſed of ſcarce any at all—The Faſhion of ſingle Ladies keeping Houſe goes a great way towards this—and the Art of Gaming contributes not a little—Tho' I think, Madam, you are not blameable on either of theſe Accounts—

Miſs Flaſh. No: I have very near run out a handſome Fortune, 'tis true, but I have done it in a manner the moſt excuſable of any—

Liddy. Excuſable, Madam! in a manner in which it was quite neceſſary it ſhould be run out—You are a Gentlewoman, and muſt live as one, or you had better not live at all—

Miſs Flaſh. Yes; but I begin to think I have frequented publick Places rather too much—*Tunbridge*, *Bath*, and *Scarborough*, are Places where an allowable Curioſity may carry us once; but I know not what can vindicate our returning to them with the Seaſons, except a bad State of Health, which is an uncommon Motive for viſiting any of them.

Liddy. A bad State of Health, Madam! I am ſure you have never been ſo unpolite as to be well three Hours together ſince I have had the Honour of waiting on you. Beſides, Madam,

by being at any of the Wells you have mentioned, ſhould you labour under the Misfortune of a good Complexion, or Conſtitution, you have the Credit at worſt of being ſomewhat out of order; the moſt famous Phyſician of the Place attends you; you drink the Waters, bathe, and pay double the Value for every thing you want, on Suppoſition of your not being able to live any where elſe.

Miſs Flaſh. But yet, methinks, 'tis ſtrange one of theſe Wells ſhould bear ſuch a Character for ſome time, as to call all the World, and in a few Seaſons be almoſt totally deſerted—

Liddy. In my Opinion, Madam, there is nothing odd in it—They are introduc'd as Faſhions; and, like other Faſhions, have their Times of Eſteem and Diſgrace; as the laſt new Ballad I bought very truly ſets forth.

Miſs Flaſh. Prithee, *Liddy*, ſing it; I find myſelf much too ſerious—

Liddy. I will, Madam.

ON Faſhion a Ditty I mean to indite,
Since, ſurely, you'll own 'tis the Faſhion to write;
And, if you don't like it, then e'en lay it down,
The Faſhion is not to be ſcar'd by a Frown.

2.

To Faſhion our Healths, as our Figures we owe,
And while 'twas the Faſhion to TUNBRIDGE *to go*
Its Water ne'er fail'd us, let ail us what wou'd;
It cemented crack'd Bones, and it ſweeten'd the Blood.

3.

When Faſhion reſolv'd to raiſe EPSOM *to Fame,*
Poor Tunbridge *did nought; but the Blind or the Lame,*
Or the Sick or the Healthy, 'twas equally one,
By Epſom's *Aſſiſtance their Buſineſs was done.*

4.

BATH's *Springs next in Faſhion came rapidly on,*
And outdid by far whate'er Epſom *had done;*
There the Gay and the Sullen found inſtant Relief,
And the ſighing young Widow got eas'd of her Grief.

5.

Unrivall'd by any, Bath *flouriſh'd alone,*
And fail'd not to cure, in Gout, Cholick, or Stone,
Till SCARBOROUGH *Waters, by Secret unknown,*
Stole all the fam'd Qualities Bath *thought her own.*

6.

Ev'n ISLINGTON *Waters, tho' cloſe to the Town,*
By Faſhion one Summer were brought to Renown,
Where we flock'd in ſuch Numbers, that for a Supply,
We almoſt had tippled the New-River *dry.*

7.

It late was the Faſhion by WARD *to be cur'd,*
And his Pill mov'd the Cauſe on't whate'er we endur'd,
While ev'ry Eye ſaw on which TAYLOR *laid Hand,*
And no Cripple MAPP *touch'd, but could inſtantly ſtand.*

8.

But, ſince 'tis the Faſhion to banter their Skill,
Our Eyes are relaps'd, and we're worſe for the Pill,
Our Joints are contracted, our Anguiſh ſo ſore,
We fly to the Doctors we laugh'd at before.

Miſs Flaſh. This the more confirms me in the Reſolution of marrying very quickly, for I ſhan't always find it the Faſhion to be aſk'd the Queſtion—and, as I have hitherto made you by much too familiar, I chuſe to continue it, and deſire your Opinion, which of my Lovers you would adviſe me to take for a Companion to the End of Life's Journey?

Liddy. To be plain, Madam, the Familiarity you mention I am certainly obliged for, but much doubt its being deſigned for that End: No, no, Madam; we Confidents are uſed as Veſſels to receive what ſits not eaſy upon your own

own Stomachs—But, Madam, to give you my Judgment—Mr. *Porewell* has a good Eſtate, but his Books employ ſo much of his Money and Time, that a Wife will find little of either at her Service; and indeed Students make the worſt Huſbands of any; for they contract ſuch a Knack of carping in their Cloſets, that when they come into a Dining-Room it is almoſt impoſſible for them to approve.

Miſs Flaſh. There's 'Squire *Scramble-Hedge.*

Liddy. His Eſtate is good alſo; but then you will want new Drums to your Ears every Month; his Noiſe, after a Fox-Chaſe, is intolerable; and the unintelligible Jargon of all his Companions, who, being benighted, muſt lie at your Houſe, is paſt enduring—You'll be much more like an Hoſteſs than a Gentlewoman—Then there's Mr. *Simplex*—he I don't much diſlike; nor can I ſay I much approve of him—he's ingenious enough, but ſadly old-faſhioned in his Notions of Virtue—

Miſs Flaſh. Have you forgot Mr. *Freightwell* the rich Merchant?

Liddy. No, Madam: He has Money, and would be a very dutiful and obedient Huſband—but then it would be a conditional Obedience; for he is naturally jealous, and inſiſted on having his former Spouſe wholly to himſelf—He won't ſuit your Conſtitution, I fear, Madam.

Miſs Flaſh. No, Mrs. Pert!—And what ſay you to Mr. *Smatch?*

Liddy. Why he, I believe, Madam, muſt be the happy Man—He has a good Eſtate, a great deal of Knowledge, and ſome Wit; and yet has Breeding enough to make a Woman happy—His Life has been ſpent much in the ſame

manner

manner as your own; there is not a neceſſary Allowance due to a Man, that he knows not how to take; nor a Liberty which a Woman can wiſh for, he knows not how to grant—Then he is ſo charmingly good-humour'd, that he makes it his Buſineſs to approve of every thing—

Miſs Flaſh. But ſtill there is ſomething in Matrimony ſo oppoſite to that entire Freedom to which I have always accuſtom'd myſelf, that I dread the Thoughts on't—To be debarr'd giving a kind Look to any but my Huſband, will be ſo odd—

Liddy. Madam, you quite miſtake the thing; Marriage is at preſent practiſed on no other Motive than that on which you are about to act: An Increaſe of Fortune, or the Deſire of Heirs to keep an Eſtate in a Family, are the only Perſuaſives to that State in our Days; and though we hear talk of our Anceſtors purchaſing their Wives, if that was now the Faſhion, we ſhou'd have but few Matches.

Miſs Flaſh. Where is Mr. *Smatch* gone?

Liddy. Only to review the Soldiers—You know he is a conſtant Spectator at all Reviews and Muſters ever ſince he was a Volunteer at the taking of *Milan*—But here comes the Captain, and if you ſtay, he will entertain you with a Deſcription of a Line of Circumvallation, or the Account of ſome *Moorfields* Engagements—He has not talk'd in a peaceable Style for a Fortnight— [*Exeunt both.*

Enters Captain TRUCK, *in his Regimentals.*

Truck. So! ho! the Girls run away at my Approach—frighten'd, I ſuppoſe, at the Fierceneſs

neſs of my Aſpect!—Well, I don't want their company! Women only enervate a Soldier!—I don't like having this Mr. *Simplex* about my Houſe; yet I know not how to help myſelf—Miſs *Flaſh* has a Right of introducing whom ſhe pleaſes—Should I forbid him the company of my Daughter while I am arm'd, he'd go near to challenge me: And though a Man ventures his Life for his Country's Good, he may be as frugal of his Blood as he pleaſes on any other Occaſion—

Enters SIMPLEX.

Sir, your humble Servant—Shall I call Mrs. *Liddy?* I believe her Miſtreſs is above-Stairs.

Simplex. Captain, with your Leave, I'll wait here a while: I expect Mr. *Smatch* to join you, and we deſign to attend your Muſter.

Truck. I'm perſuaded, Sir, our Appearance will give great Satisfaction—I ſhall be glad of your company at the general Parade; I'll certainly take ſuch notice of you there, as will diſtinguiſh you to be the Acquaintance of a commanding Officer.

Simplex. I'm oblig'd, Sir, for the Honour you deſign me.

Truck. Colonel *Counterſcarp* has promiſed me his company, and is now watching the Motions of my Men—he is of great ſervice: I knew no more how to fix a Hat in a military Poſition—[*Knocking without*] What loud Rap can that be? I fancy the Colonel of our Regiment has ſent for me to take a marching Glaſs.

Enter 'Squire PLOWLAND, *with his Country Son,* TOM.

Plowland. Captain, your Servant—Ads buds, I find when I put *George* 'Prentice, I put him in the

the way of learning the Art of War, as well as Buſineſs—Ha! ha! ha!—A little Courage will do the Rogue no Harm—

Truck. 'Squire, your Servant—You're come on a buſy Day; but you'll ſee a Sight will pleaſe you, I believe—I've got a Company of the livelieſt Lads to march before—

Plowland. Then I reckon you're going about ſomething extraordinary—The Weavers are all quiet, I hope?

Truck. Yes; but Diſcipline muſt be kept up; Diſcipline is the Bulwark of our Liberties!

Plowland. Ay, ſo I reckon: The Man that let me in had as much Fire in his Face, as if he fed on nothing but Gunpowder——Where's *George*, Captain?

Truck. In the Shop: He commands that all Day—Is this your younger Son, 'Squire?

Plowland. Yes; this is *Tom*, ſure enough—a cute Rogue. [*Aſide*]

Truck. Mr. *Thomas*, your Servant; how d'ye like the Town?

Simplex. Perhaps, Sir, the young Gentleman was ſcar'd at coming into ſuch a Land of Soldiers!

Tom. No, Sir; I have a Notion that our Town's Lads, with their Cudgels, could thin their Ranks—I didn't ſee a ſlaſh'd Face among them.

Plowland. But, *Tom*, what was't you were ſtaring at when the Folks joſtled you againſt the Poſts ſo often?

Tom. I was looking to ſee what was become of all the Shopkeepers; for I ſaw nothing but Warehouſes all the way I came.

Plowland. Indeed, *Tom*, I was concern'd on the ſame account—Pray, Sir, what are come of all

your Retailers, ſince every body now are wholeſale Dealers?—I think I ſaw wrote up at one Place, THIS IS THE CANE-STRING WAREHOUSE.

Simplex. It is a Deſire of great Choice, Sir, which makes thoſe Warehouſes meet with ſuch Succeſs, and a Belief of buying cheaper than from thoſe who keep Shops, who are ſuppoſed to buy of them.

Truck. Ay, ſuppoſed, indeed!—I aſſure you, 'Squire, they are many of them the moſt pedling Retailers we have—I ſupply about fifteen of them, who ſell for twenty *per Cent.* more than I can—

Plowland. But I thought they look'd all vaſt fine and grand!

Truck. Yes, yes; that's their Buſineſs—A Man takes a Houſe, fits up a fine Front, and having no Goods to fill a Shop with, calls it his Warehouſe; under which Name he is obliged to expoſe no Goods to view, but when call'd for; and if any thing is wanted with which he is not provided—he expects a large Parcel in next Morning—

Plowland. So then the Names of Shop and Warehouſe are revers'd!—

Truck. With this additional Inconvenience; That under the Notion of Warehouſe-keepers, Perſons dive into Buſineſs who underſtand it not, to the Ruin of many who have acquir'd a ſkilful Knowledge at a great Expence, and long Servitude—Hark! the Drum beats—You muſt excuſe me; I'll ſend *George* t'ye.

[*Exit* Truck.

Simplex. You ſee, Sir, the Captain is intent on his Duty—

Plowland.

Plowland. What, is there to be any Town taken to-day?

Simplex. No, Sir, only a Review—But ſince the late Wars abroad began, the Citizens are more concern'd about their martial Affairs—'Tis good to be in a State of Defence.

Enters Mr. GEORGE.

Mr. George. Sir, I crave your Bleſſing.

Plowland. Do you ſo! you may crave it again before you have it—What Tricks now? Are all theſe fine Fellows run mad?

Simplex. 'Tis your Son, Sir.

Plowland. But I am ſure it's not, Sir—What, ha'ye got to *Chriſtmas* Gambols already?—Pray, ſweet Sir, pleaſe to return whence you came, and tell my Boy *George* that I and his Brother *Tom* want to ſee him.

Mr. George. Believe me, Sir, I am your Son—

Plowland. I believe you, Sir, to be a very merry Gentleman: Had you been dreſs'd a little more like the Lad, the Joke wou'd have paſs'd off well enough—You make a pretty Figure for a Haberdaſher's 'Prentice. Ha! ha! ha!

Simplex. You ſeem at a loſs to imagine your Son ſo well dreſs'd—'tis common now, Sir, to ſee the City 'Prentices make a ſmart Figure in the Mall! and they ſeldom fail of being the moſt conſummate Beaux on any of our other publick Walks.

Plowland. Look at him, *Tom*; doſt think it like our *George*, Boy?

Tom. Poz, Father, if I can tell—he's ſo diſvigor'd! and yet, mythinks, it's ſomething like'n too—

Plowland. An't be he, I'll baſte him a little, I'm reſolv'd — What a murrain could make the Lad chuſe to look ſo like a Monkey— [*beats him*]

Simplex. Sir, I muſt interpoſe—The young Gentleman only keeps his Neighbours in countenance—

Plowland. Countenance!—What! do you ſerve a Farthing's-worth of Pins in this Trim?

Simplex. You confound him, Sir—His Dreſs does honour to his Employment, and alſo to you.

Plowland. Not to my Pocket, Sir—Come, get up *George*, and let's ſee thee a little—What doſt keep thy Face in wet Cloths, it is ſo white?

Mr. George. My Duty, Sir, will not permit me to oppoſe you; uſe me as you pleaſe; but I expected other Treatment—

Plowland. Other Treatment thou ſhalt have! What do you imagine I toil and fatigue myſelf with keeping my Grounds in my own Hands, and let you laviſh away more in half a Year, than my Induſtry produces in a whole one!—thou Butterfly Jack?

Mr. George. Would you not have me dreſs anſwerable to the Buſineſs you have plac'd me in?

Plowland. Yes: But you are now dreſs'd ſo as to anſwer no Buſineſs at all—What uſe are theſe of in Buſineſs, thou Fly-catcher?—[*Pulls the Ribbon round his Neck*] I know, indeed, the Quality and Gentry uſe ſuch Things; but in them they are no way blameable, and indeed of ſervice, ſince they furniſh ſome little Employment for their Valets—

Mr. George. Pleaſe, Sir, to look at the other young Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, and if I'm dreſs'd beyond them, then blame me.

Tom.

Tom. Huſh, *George!* thou'rt a power finer than Father, or *Ned* i'th' Country, who, you know, muſt have the Eſtate.

Mr. George. Hold your Tongue; I'm not ſpeaking to you, Clod!

Plowland. Ay, ay, he ſhall be a Clod-hopper all his Days, before he comes to be metamorphos'd as you are—But tell me, *George*, ſince you inſinuate that all the neighbouring young Fellows are as fooliſh as yourſelf, if thoſe of their Maſters, who are getting Money, ever did dreſs ſo?

Mr. George. Perhaps they did not—but Trade has lately taken a genteeler Turn.

Plowland. A Turn, indeed, *George!* A few Years ago, while a Man continued in Buſineſs, he was ſuppoſed to be at leaſt endeavouring to *get* Money; but now we ſee handſome Fortunes *ſpent in* Buſineſs; and, which is yet newer, I find you are introducing an Improvement, to ſpend one even *before* you get into it.

Enters an INNKEEPER.

Innkeeper. Sir, your humble Servant [*to* George] hearing the good 'Squire, your Father, was in Town, I brought your Bill—

Plowland. Bill! for what, Maſter? Are you his Shoemaker?

Innkeeper. No, Sir, I am an Innkeeper?

Plowland. What, didn't he pay the laſt Time he came up in the Stage-Coach?

Innkeeper. My Bill, Sir, is only for a Year and half's keeping his Horſe.

Plowland. Horſe!

Tom. To be ſure, Father, this is a *London* Bite—there's no riding about theſe Streets, I'm ſure!

Plowland.—

Plowland. —But prithee, *George*, doſt own this Demand?

Mr. George. Yes, Sir.

Plowland.—Doſt keep a Horſe to ride to the Binding-Weavers in *Spittlefields?*—I know not what elſe thou can'ſt lack him for—you can never mount him behind the Counter, I think.

Simplex. It is the Cuſtom, Sir, with many young Gentlemen of his Station to keep a Horſe the Year round, to have an Opportunity of mounting him now and then on a *Sunday*—It gives him a Licence to appear at Church in Boots, to travel to the next Door with a Whip in his Hand—and to ſpeak in the Jockey-Language, without which, ſince Horſe-racing has ſo generally prevail'd, there is no ſuch thing as appearing a Gentleman!

Plowland. Give me your Bill, Maſter; call on me to-morrow, and we'll ſee if my Son's Horſe han't eat's Head off.

Innkeeper. Sir, your Servant. [*Exit* Innkeeper.

Plowland. As for you, *George*, I'll ſettle Matters with your Maſter, and take you down wi'me—you may have Riding enough about Field now its Harveſt-time—It'll be cheaper to maintain you at home as a Gentleman, I find, than here as a Haberdaſher of Small-Wares—*Tom* bought a Ballad, laſt Fair-Day, call'd, *The City run mad*—I didn't mind it much then, but find it not far from being true—Sing it, *Tom*, as well as't can; may-be the Gentleman ha'n't heard it.

Tom. Ay, Father: But they ſing ſo fine here in *London*, that an *Engliſh* Voice will ſcarce go down at all—and mine is piteous hoarſe.

Simplex. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, oblige us.

Tom.

Tom. Well, then; but I muſt ha'th' Ballad in my Hand—chance I forget any on't. [*Tom ſings in a Country Accent.*]

COme, Neighbours, attend,
Your Ears you muſt lend;
I'm from London *City this Inſtant come down,*
Where Porters drink Wine,
And all go ſo fine,
That the beſt Man amongſt us muſt paſs for a Clown.

2.

The Cits never fail
At Courtiers to rail
For Dreſſing, and Gaming, and twenty Things more;
When looking at Home
Wou'd alter their Tone,
And ſhew them groſs Follies lie at their own Door.

3.

Step into their Shops,
You'll find nothing but Fops;
Their Looks and Profeſſions ſo ſadly agree;
When you cheapen their Ware,
They bring you a Chair,
And tell you the Price, with an humble Congée.

4.

Till Ten they're in Bed,
To cure a pain'd Head,
And almoſt the Minute that Breakfaſt is done,
By Eleven, or ſo,
To the Tavern they go,
And whet, till they're call'd to their Dinners, at One.

5.

When Dinner is o'er,
A Horſe at the Door
Attends to refreſh the Fatigues of the Day;
Then he mounts with an Air,
Turns his Back upon Care,
And, fine as our 'Squire, cries hey't, and away.

While

6.

While Bus'neſs affords
To keep Tradeſmen like Lords,
In vain of the Badneſs of Times they complain;
Since with half an Eye,
'Tis eaſy to ſpy,
The Want they groan under lies moſt in the Brain.

Enters TOBY, *in ſad Haſte.*

Toby. Gentlemen, our Company is now compleat, and the Captain deſires you to attend him in the Dining-Room to view us as we ſtand. If you don't come this Minute, you'll loſe the fineſt Sight ever Man beheld!—

[*Drum beats to Arms.*

Plowland. We'll follow your Soldierſhip—I've ſeen that Man before, I think, and have a ſtrong Notion it's the ſame our *Will* took in the Henrooſt the laſt Soldiers march'd our way.

Simplex. 'Tis *Toby*, the Captain's Servant—

Plowland. How Courage alters a Man's Features—Come, won't you go, Sir—

[*Exeunt all but* Simplex.

Enters LIDDY FROGNEL.

Liddy. Sir, your Servant. I thought Mr. *Smatch* had been here?

Simplex. I expect him every Moment.

Liddy. My future Spouſe, Mr. *George*, is not gone out, I hope, Sir?—

Simplex. Surely you would not inveigle the young Fellow to marry you!

Liddy. If I don't, I have humour'd and flatter'd him theſe two Years to little purpoſe—To be plain, Sir, my Lady is on the point of being marry'd herſelf, and I having proteſted againſt

ſerving

ſerving a marry'd Lady, am reſolv'd to provide myſelf at the ſame time—

Simplex. But his Father has reſolv'd to take him into the Country.

Liddy. Then I muſt make the ſurer Work on't, that he may have me to take with him: I have been ſick of the Town ſome time.

Simplex. But don't you think it would be very blameable in you to take Advantage either of his Pride or Folly?

Liddy. No, Sir; I think it rather an honourable Action—How few Gentlemen wou'd obtain the Wives they do, were they not to take Advantage of their Weakneſs; though Nature, we are often told, hath appointed you our Guardians!

Enter SMATCH *at one Door,* ORINDA *and* *Miſs* FLASH *at the other.*

Miſs Flaſh. Mr. *Simplex!* I have been pleading in your Favour this Half-hour—you thought I did not ſee through your making me a Pretence for viſiting *Orinda*; however, as 'twas on her account, I freely excuſe you—

Smatch. Let me ſee! I know not whether you can or no, before I have challeng'd him for making you his Dupe.

Orinda. Theſe Points of Honour, Mr. *Smatch*, may at preſent be well enough diſpenſed with—I have juſt now deviated ſo far from my own Character, as to ſolicit, to my utmoſt, a Cauſe you have long had depending with Miſs *Flaſh*.

Smatch. Madam, you have ſerv'd me in the kindeſt Manner; ſo much Beauty can never plead in vain.

Simplex. You ſee, Mr. *Smatch*, how apt you fighting Gentlemen are to fly to your Swords when there is no Occaſion for them.

Miſs Flaſh. The Pretence of ſeeing the Parade happens well—I know not whether the Captain would have ſpared you out of his ſight on any other account: Follow us ſoon to my Apartment, Gentlemen, and we will ſettle Particulars.

Simplex. Madam, we will punctually attend you. [*Exeunt* Orinda, Miſs Flaſh, *and* Liddy.] Prithee, *Smatch*, doſt know what's in the Women's Heads?

Smatch. Only a Voyage to the Iſland of Matrimony: I have been providing a Pilot—I, for my part, am under a Neceſſity of recruiting my Fortune ſome way or other, and Miſs *Flaſh* is the beſt Mark I have at preſent in my Eye!

Simplex. Has your mutual Deſign of Marriage been reſolv'd on for any time?

Smatch. Yes, Sir, by me for ſome Months; and by her for about Half-an-hour—And if I wait many Half-hours, I ſhall deſpair obtaining her—

Simplex. A marry'd State is commonly of ſo long Duration, that ſome Thought ſeems neceſſary before we enter it—

Smatch. None at all, I think, is beſt; it is precarious enough to reſemble a Lottery, and it avails nothing to ſtand picking and chuſing your Number.

Enter Captain TRUCK, *Colonel* COUNTERSCARP, *'Squire* PLOWLAND, *and* TOM.

Truck. I hope, Colonel, the Sight of my Men has convinc'd you that our City Forces are not ſo

ſo deſpicable as you have hitherto thought them.

Counterſcarp. I can't ſay much for the Credit they do you; though they all appear capable of ſtanding now their Pieces are grounded, however they may be when they come to bear the Weight of them—

Truck. Sir, their Leader's Preſence will animate them with ſufficient Strength to bear their Arms.

Plowland. What, do you cloath your Company yourſelf, Captain?

Tom. No, Father, you might have ſeen, I think, that they are neither cloathed by the Captain, nor any body elſe.

Truck. As to that, we regard not much what adorns the Outſide of our Soldiers, provided they are poſſeſſed of Valour within—You ſeldom hear of new-cloath'd Troops gaining Victories—

Counterſcarp. But ſtill I could wiſh, Captain, your Company were a little better cloathed, at leaſt ſomewhat more uniform—'Tis ſo odd to ſee one Man with Coat and Waiſtcoat, another on his Right-hand with a Waiſtcoat only, and he on the left with, perhaps, ſcarce one or t'other—Agreement of Dreſs would add much to their Appearance, and atone, in ſome meaſure, for a Man ſix Foot high walking next one not more than three and a half.

Truck. We march but one Day in a Year, Colonel—I hope, Gentlemen, you'll let me ſee you in the Parade—you'll eaſily know my Company from the reſt—Miſs *Flaſh* has got my Conſent for my Daughter's going with her to view us; I ſuppoſe you're to 'ſquire them—

Simplex. Yes, Sir, we deſign to ſet out a little after you, and be there time enough to ſee you enter the Ground.

Counterſcarp. That's rightly judg'd, Sir: There's more Nicety in turning a Corner, than in the whole March.

Enters TOBY.

Toby. Captain, we wait your Honour's coming to head us.

Truck. I'll come in an Inſtant—But han't you got the Veteran Cobler in the Company, who has march'd in all our Regiments for theſe forty Years?—

Toby. Yes, Sir; and he is ſo briſk that I can't keep him from ſinging in his Rank. When I interpoſe my Authority, he tells me I am a young Officer, and ought to have known better how to obey, before I undertook to command; for which, I muſt tell you, Captain, he lies under ſome Diſpleaſure.

Truck. Bring him up—his Song in Praiſe of our March may, perhaps, divert theſe Gentlemen; let him have a Comrade or two to attend him for the Chorus. [*Exit* Toby.] This Soldier whom *Toby* is gone to bring us, is of more Service than any ten Men we have; for by his Head being full of nothing but Marches, Muſters, and other martial Exerciſes, he keeps up a ſort of Diſcipline among his Companions the whole Year; and never drinks a Pint of Beer in an Evening, without teaching ſuch young Fellows as are near him, ſome Part of the Exerciſe, tho' with a Kitchen Poker.

Counterſcarp. Han't you advanc'd him? His Merit ſhou'd be rewarded—

Truck,

Truck. No, Colonel; ſhou'd we raiſe him, we know not what ſort of an Officer he'd make; whereas now we are ſure of an excellent private Man—Every one is not fit for Preferment—

Enters TOBY, *as Corporal, at the Head of a File of Muſqueteers, and a Drum; they pay the military Compliments of Reſting,* &c. *to their Captain, and ground their Pieces;* TOBY *very buſy all the while in marſhalling his Men,* &c.

Counterſcarp. Very well, indeed, my Lads; you look brave and fierce.

Truck. Mr. *Fairſtitch*, I beg you'd favour my Friends and me with your March Song—'Twill ſpirit us at ſetting out, as well as a Point of War—

Cobler. Ay, good Sir—Come Boys, mind the Chorus—Hem—

WHile we hear of diſtant Broils,
And are ſtunn'd with foreign Toils,
Let Morocco's *Conteſts bring,*
Drench'd in Blood, each Year a King;
Sword and Slaughter they endure,
London *Warriors march ſecure.*
While the martial Drum beats high,
Sends our Fame above the Sky,
With a rub a dub a dub.

2.

While the Victors boaſt in vain,
Leaving Thouſands on the Plain,
Triumph is but empty Sound,
While their Brethren ſpread the Ground;
Feweſt Tears attend the Fight
When we all return at Night.
While the martial, &c.

3.

See us as we march along,
Through the captivated Throng,
How the Windows crowded are
By the youngeſt, ſweeteſt Fair!
Who with Smiles applaud the Sight,
And, by Glances, ſpeak Delight.

While the martial, &c.

4.

See us turn a Corner juſt,
Though half blinded with the Duſt;
See us, with a fearleſs Air,
Fall again juſt as we were;
Nought to ſtop can make us yield,
Till we come to Bunhill-Field.

While the martial, &c.

5.

See our Wives and Neighbours all,
And our Children, great and ſmall,
(Who can ſcarcely know their Dad,
When with Warlike Trophies clad)
Hear them boaſt our martial Look;
And hand a Dram, by Hook or Crook.

While the martial, &c.

6.

When in Ranks we bravely ſtand,
Num'rous as the Ocean's Sand!
Hear the Word To FIRE *giv'n,*
Soon we ſend it up to Heaven!
While beneath, the frighten'd Ground
Shakes and eccho's with the Sound!

While the martial, &c.

7.

See us, when our Duty's o'er,
And our Vollies ceaſe to roar,
Fill'd with Joy which Victors feel,
Turn about upon our Heel;
Swing our Guns and walk away,
And with Huzzas crown the Day!

While the martial Drum beats high,
Sends our Fame above the Sky,
With a rub a dub a dub.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

LAdies! our Author's ſuch a thoughtleſs Dog,
He'd never nam'd you in the Epilogue:----
I cry'd, Why, Man! you know not what you're doing!
Omit the Ladies!----'twill prove your utter Ruin!
Their angry Eyes will burn you up to Tinder,
For nought ſucceeds in which they ha'n't a Finger----
He gravely yawn'd, and fetch'd a throbbing Sigh,
And ſaid, I wiſh th'Omiſſion you'd ſupply----
Tell the fair Circle, that my Infant Muſe
Dar'd not, at firſt, ſo ſweet a Subject chuſe;
Since all the Bards who have aſpir'd the Bays,
Have prov'd unequal to Love's piercing Rays:
Beauty's reſiſtleſs when it's join'd with Wit,
And one ſmall BOX *out-votes a crowded* PIT.

EPILOGUE.

Ladies! our Author's fresh and thoughtless Pen,
Hed never mann'd you in the Epilogue:----
I cry'd, Why, Man! you know not what you're doing!
Omit the Ladies!----I will prove your utter Ruin!
Their angry Eyes will burn you up to Tinder,
For nought proceeds [illegible] don't a Finger----
He gravely warn'[illegible] throbbing Sigh,
And said, I will [illegible] supply----
Tell the fair Circle, [illegible] Infant Rifle
Don'd not, at first, to found a Subject capable;
Since all the Bards who have aspir'd the Days,
Have prov'd unequal to Love's piercing Rays:
Beauty's trifling when it's join'd with Wit,
And one small Box out-votes a crowded Pit.